

Robin's Kisses

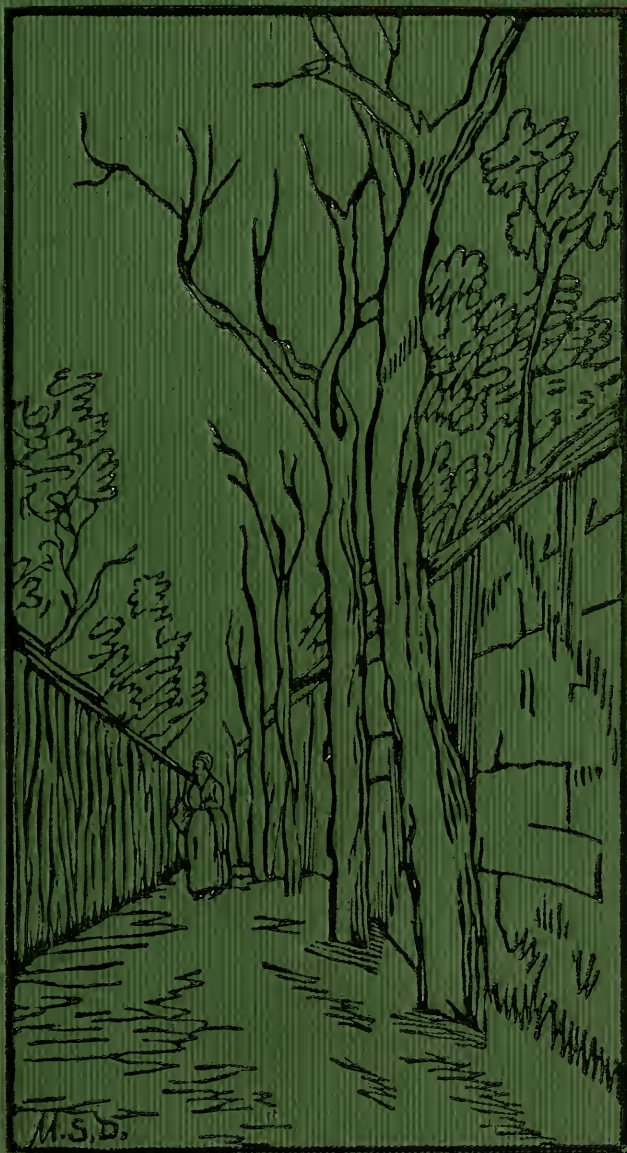
P S

3507

.U66R6

1906

VERSES
&
PICTURES



By 

Mary Stewart Dunlap



Class PS 3507

Book .U66P6

Copyright N^o 1906

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT





HELEN.



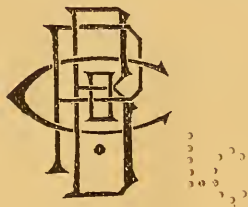
ROBIN.

Robin's Kisses

VERSES AND PICTURES

BY

MARY STEWART DUNLAP



Illustrated by the author.

BROADWAY PUBLISHING
COMPANY :: 835 BROADWAY
N E W Y O R K

PS3507
-466 Pb
1906

LIBRARY of CONGRESS	
Two Copies Received	
APR 27 1906	
Copyright Entry	
Apr. 27. 1906	
CLASS a	XXc. No.
144 374	
COPY	B.

Copyrighted, 1906.

BY

MARY STEWART DUNLAP.

All Rights Reserved.



LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

HELEN	a		
ROBIN	b	}	<i>Frontispiece</i> —
			Facing Page
DID YOU SEE THE LIGHT SAIL OF MY LOVER GO BY?.			3 ✓
THE CONTRAST			4 ✓
CAPRI, FROM NAPLES.....	a	}	
VESUVIUS, FROM CASTELLAMMARE.....	b		5 ✓ ✓
THE ARTIST'S BUNGALOW.....			9 ✓
THE BROWN UMBRELLA.....			10 ✓
A BIRD SWINGS ON THE GOLDEN-ROD.....			12 ✓
FOURTH OF JULY.....			13 ✓
A PROPHECY			18 ✓
EVENING IN THE GOLDEN WEST.....			24 ✓
HADRIAN'S VILLA, TIVOLI, ITALY.....			26 ✓
HIGH-TIDE			28 ✓

ROBIN'S KISSES.

 HE was hungry for Robin's kisses.

Robin was five years old.

His hair was a tangled bird's-nest,
The color of tarnished gold.

He had gone with his sister Helen,
(Sweet little winsome maid,)
For the mother knew that together,
They would not be afraid

In the woods where the nuts were falling,
With the bright October leaves,
They'd come with their baskets full,
And the stories that childhood weaves.

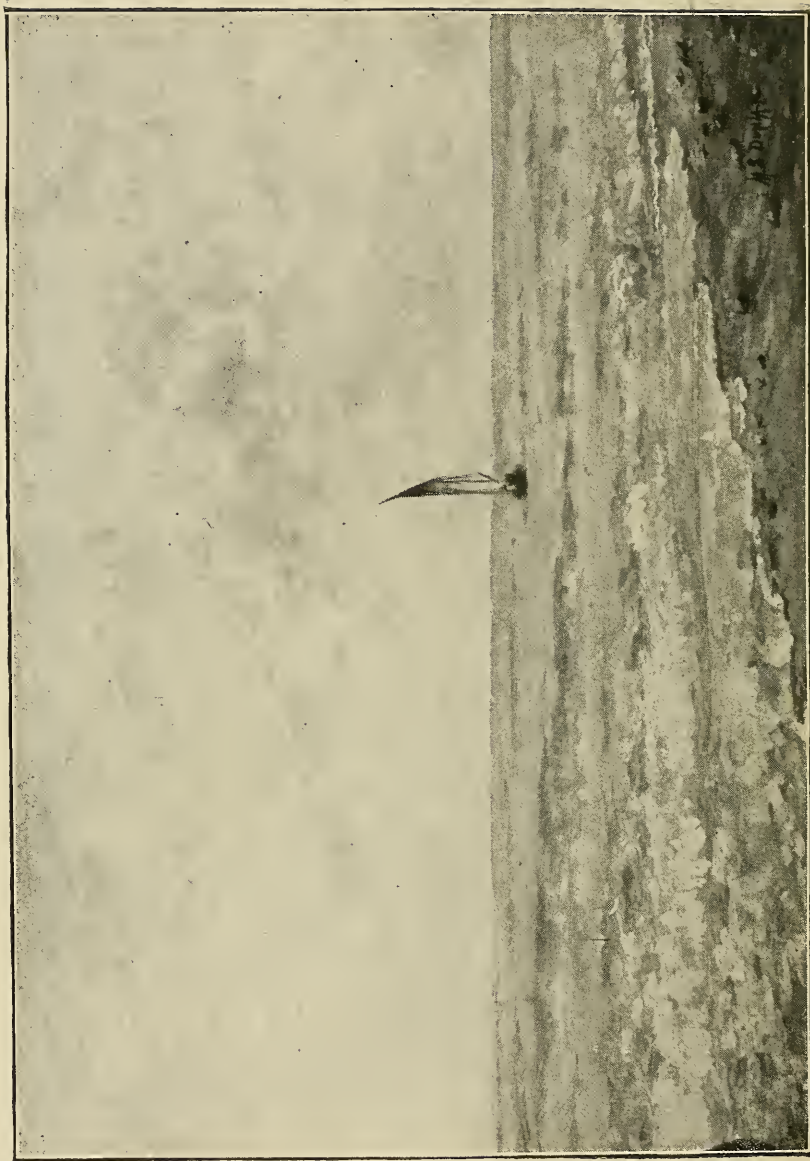
Little Helen would somewhere be wearing
Bunches of mountain spruce,
And Robin would have his fingers
Browned by the walnut juice;

And the heart of the anxious mother,
Asked, that, amid life's gains,
The hands of his coming manhood,
Might never have deeper stains,

2 ROBIN'S KISSES, AND OTHER VERSES

And the sweet, pure kiss of his childhood
Linger in after years,
Bringing joy to the hearts of his dear ones,
Keeping away their tears.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.



DID YOU SEE THE LIGHT SAIL OF MY LOVER GO BY?
(*Normandie.*)

CHANNEL SONG.

(Boston Transcript.)

O WAVE of the sea
And cloud of the sky,
Did you see the light sail
Of my lover go by?

O blue of the sky
And grey of the sea,
Can you tell me to-day,
Where he chances to be?

O sunlight so warm,
That creeps into the sand,
Does he sail on the sea,
Does he rest on the land?

O sound of the tide
While lashing the shores,
Add a message of mine
To the music of yours.

Take a blessing to him
If he's thinking of me,
And make it as wide
And as deep as the sea.

AMBLETEUSE, FRANCE.

THE CONTRAST.

JUST nineteen years ago to-day,
 I walked along this bluff with Florence
 Glenn,
 I had proposed to her, and she said, "No."
 With fervor I proposed again.

I did not dream that with our tastes,
 So much alike in color, books and song,
 We could afford to walk apart
 In future years that might be bright and long.

She thought we could; so I went home
 And read the papers, books and magazines;
 But in them all I saw her face,
 Her hat, her rings, her dress of shaded greens.

With honest heart I'd offered all.
 She led me on to where I would count one
 Of lovers that had done the same—
 She told the girls she did it, "Just for fun."

I had the dignity to scorn
 A man who'd let a woman treat him so;
 And thinking of it just a week
 Concluded I was very glad to go.



THE CONTRAST.
(Shore Path, Bar Harbor.)

The brave, strong woman by my side,
With work and help and hope and trust and
love,
Has made life sweet through all its change.
She surely came to me from heaven above.

My Agnes that so true has proved,
Has been a blessing rarely sent to men.
The striking contrast teaches me
What I escaped in losing Florence Glenn.

LAKE ONTARIO.

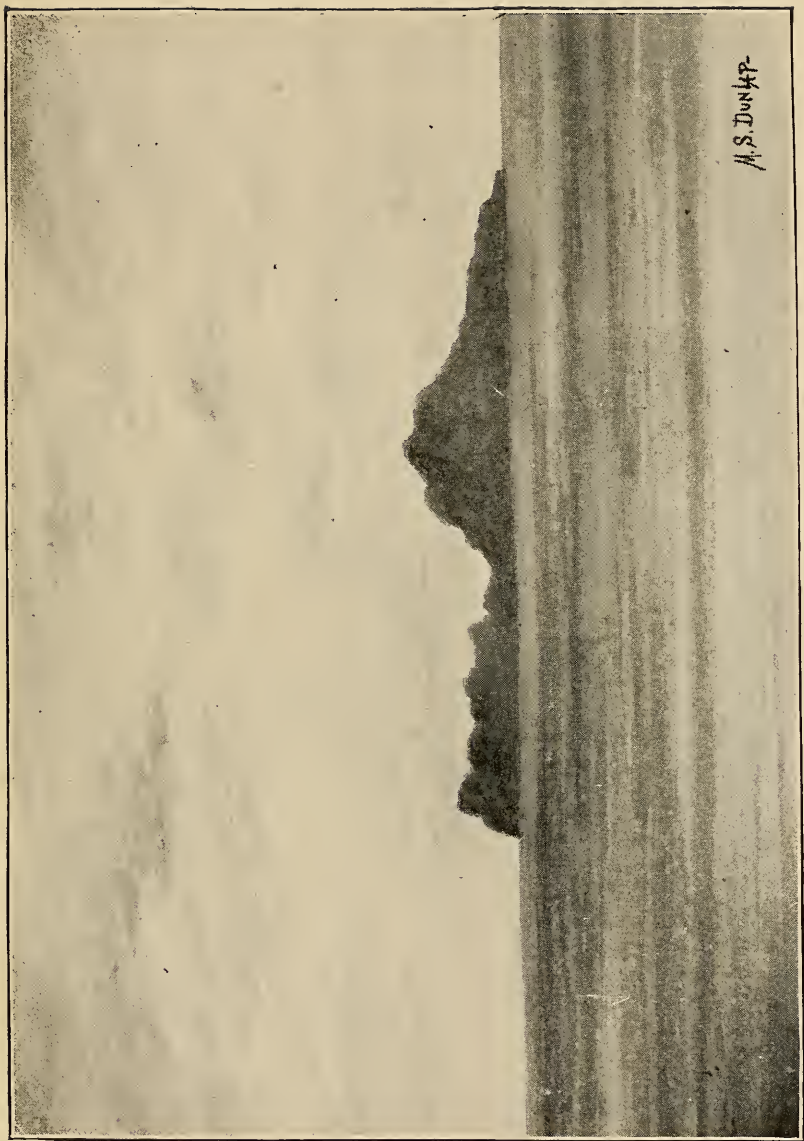
SORRENTO.

DREAMER of dreams
 Rest in Sorrento.
 Linger all day
 By the beautiful Bay,
 Fisherman's sails
 Moving fearless of gales,
 Capri is blue
 And Vesuvius, too.

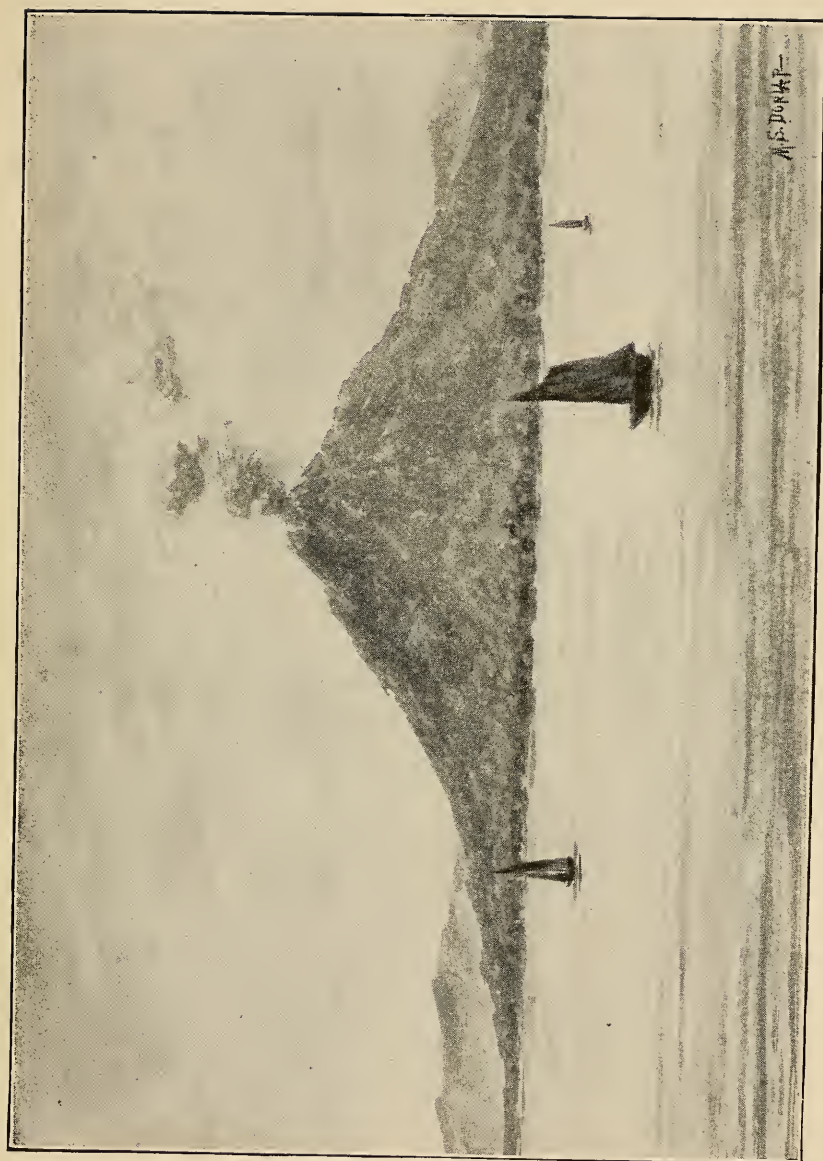
Dreamer of dreams
 Stroll through Sorrento.
 Shadows will fall
 On the moss on the wall
 Centuries old;
 Stories untold,
 Thrilling and true,
 It could whisper to you.

Dreamer of dreams
 Far from Sorrento;
 Olive and pine
 With their beauty of line,
 Garden and grove,
 Headland and cove
 Linger in mind
 As mementoes combined.

NEW YORK CITY.



CAPRI, FROM NAPLES.



VESUVIUS, FROM CASTELLAMMARE.

HIGH TIDE.

THE tide was in, last night, while we were sleeping.

The moon alone, in clearest sky, her watch
was keeping.

New forms of shell upon the shore are lying,
Fresh seaweed, with the old, its fibres have been
tying.

Smooth sands, for records of to-day the waves
were making,
By former foot-prints from the sand, all taking.

Across the bay the morning bells are ringing,
A peasant boy who climbs the hill, his song is
singing.

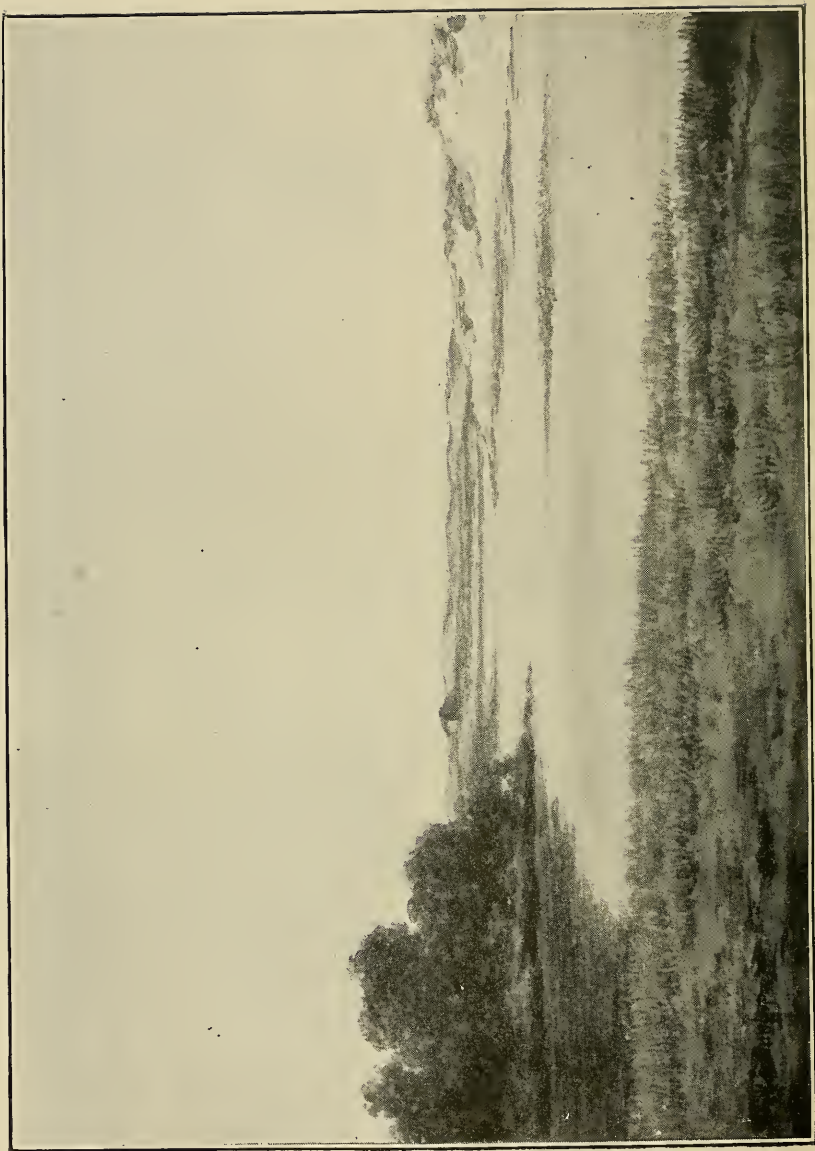
To all, the newness of the day brings gladness.
Let undue care depart and former sadness.

Let every soul receive a high tide blessing,
And wake with consciousness of greater love
possessing.

8 ROBIN'S KISSES, AND OTHER VERSES

From the grand ocean of God's grace unmeasured,
Where every thought of greatest good to man is treasured.

CÔTES DU NORD, FRANCE.



THE ARTIST'S BUNGALOW.
(*Ogunquit, Maine.*)

THE ARTIST'S BUNGALOW.

MY bungalow I'll build of air,
Then I can place it anywhere.

On granite rock by Northern Bay,
Well to command the coming day,

Or by a stretch of Southern sand,
With only sky and only land.

Tall ragged pines of richest green,
In stateliness, may rise between

The evening clouds I love so well,
And nearer wild flowers in the dell.

But anywhere and everywhere
The color carnival is there.

SODUS POINT, NEW YORK.

THE BROWN UMBRELLA.

MY brown umbrella from the Bon Marché,
Is getting old and somewhat grey.

From rains of Paris, far away,
It serves me at St. Eflam's Bay.

Its well-worn edges cross the sky,
While underneath the wet sands lie.

Beyond them, like a silken band,
Uniting distant points of land,

The sea, in changing color lies—
Each moment is a glad surprise.

From my umbrella's shade at noon,
I see the city lovers spoon.

They both, in Paris, study art,
But now from it are far apart.

In many ways they seem to rest,
He holds her hand—that seems the best.



THE BROWN UMBRELLA.
(*The Channel, France.*)

Some day, in art, he may be great,
But resting brings a fortune late.

It's mean of me this tale to tell,
A spinster, with an old umbrell!

ST. EFFLAM'S BAY, FRANCE.

HIS SONG.

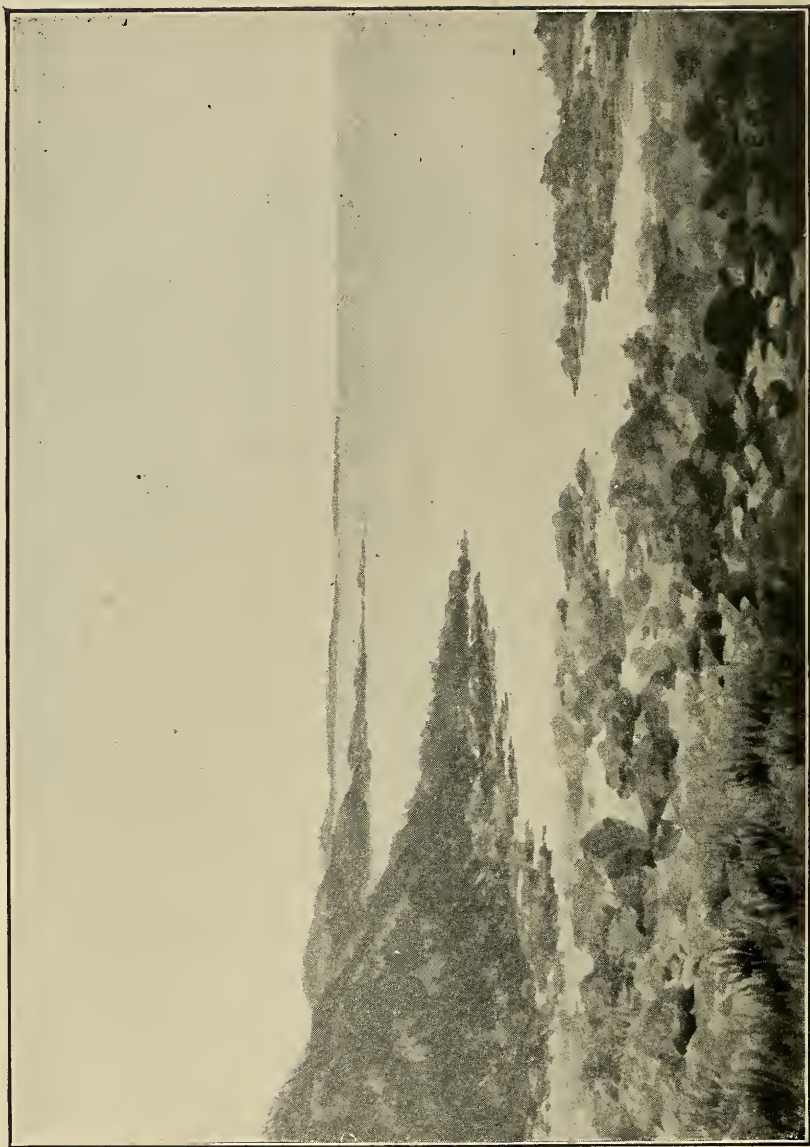
A BIRD swings on the golden rod,
And sings to Kitty Lane,
He sang the same song yesterday
To pretty Hannah Jane.

To-morrow he'll be singing it
To some new passer-by—
She'll feel so flattered by the song,
And he will wonder why.

NEW YORK CITY.



A BIRD SWINGS ON THE GOLDEN-ROD.
(*Berkshire Hills.*)



FOURTH OF JULY.
(*Côtes du Nord, France.*)

FOURTH OF JULY.

WE with our fellow-countrymen
Six thousand miles away
Will raise our patriotic shout
Beside St. Eflam's Bay.

All good that honest hearts can wish
We'll send across the sea,
With hope that our America
More prosperous may be;

And with the Stars and Stripes we'll wind
The flags of other lands.
The kinship of humanity
To-day makes great demands.

BRITTANY, FRANCE.

A WISH FOR THE ARTIST.

LET the rain not fall on him whose plans
Are made to use the sunshine of to-day,
Let only sky of blue and floating cloud
Make beautiful the record of his way;
And let his heart be full of gladness, too,

And every Autumn day be full of rest—
So may abundant strength for future work
Abide with him, an ever welcome guest.

PARIS, FRANCE.

SEPTEMBER.

SEPTEMBER in the mountains,
September by the sea,
Each has its regal glory
So *both* of them for me.

OCEAN GROVE, NEW JERSEY.

BY THE SEA.

A COLOR glory fills the air
That thrills the artist with despair.

A noonday light o'er all prevails—
The boats are white with silver sails.

The cold clouds bank the eastern sky,
The boats turned grey, go sailing by.

The evening sky grows dark and blue,
The light from distant stars comes through.

The waves are almost out of sight,
The world has said to us "Good night."

OCEAN GROVE, NEW JERSEY.

OCTOBER THOUGHTS.

I FEEL like a faded leaf
This warm October day,
I wonder if the Winter wind
Will blow me far away.

Away from the tired times,
Away from mistakes and pain,
To leave my work unfinished
And not come back again.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

A PROPHECY.

THE woods are so still, dear Alice,
 As we wander together to-day,
 It must be the insects are sleeping
 And the birds are far away.

Hold on to my hand more tightly,
 As we climb this difficult bank
 Where delicate asters blossom,
 And the ferns are tall and rank.

The earth is so moist and yielding
 That the moss covered stones may slide,
 And one so unused to climbing,
 Needs the care of an older guide.

In years of the distant future,
 May you learn to assist, in turn,
 The brothers and sisters, younger,
 With the lessons of life to learn.

Your counsel must be the wisest,
 And your soul of the patient type,
 Your hand must be strong for guidance,
 When the testing times are ripe.



A PROPHECY.

But never, in all the climbing,
Must you slacken the childlike trust,
And He who has planned the pathway,
Will make it the path of the just.

PARIS, FRANCE.

SERVICE.

THERE is no cross which we have taken up
 for Jesus,
 Though all alone we may have felt when
 we have borne it,
 But some tired soul made sensitive by pain has
 seen it,
 And gained new strength to bear its own, and
 to adorn it.

There is no wayside service rendered for our
 Master,
 Which can escape his notice or appreciation,
 Though human eyes may never see the act of
 giving,
 Or know that it is prompted by such sweet re-
 lation.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

BE QUIET, HEART.

① TIRED heart, you said just yesterday,
If that woe passed, you would be still and
rest;
And now, you clamor with discordant voice,
Because you have, to-day, another test.

You beat so high and strong when things go
right,
It seems the aching time will not return,
But when the unkind blows come thick and fast,
For perfect quiet, wounded heart, you yearn.

LINES ACCOMPANYING A PICTURE
SENT TO MRS. W—— ON HER
NINETY-FOURTH BIRTHDAY.

A CCEPT, I beg, this little gift
Of evening sky and tranquil sea,
With hope that peaceful happiness
May fill the days that are to be.

Few reach the age of ninety-four;
Years that bring care bring honor, too.
Let thought of Heavenly Home above
Be daily joy and rest to you.

An Esquimau, from Greenland, said
Her people could not understand
If she should try to tell to them
The wonders of the great Southland.

Nor could we understand, if told,
The glories of the home above.
When summer sunsets are of gold
And every day is full of love

We have a hint of what may be
When, after years of work and strife,
The morning of the endless day
Shall close the discipline of life.

WINDSOR, N. Y.

VERSES FOR CHRISTMAS CARDS.

HNHEARD, the angel bands in heaven are
singing;

Unseen, the glory far away.

We best express by simple flowers bringing,
The gratitude and joy we feel to-day.

The Spring sends snowdrops for the Christmas
wreath,

The Summer, lily, mist and rose;

The Autumn, goldenrod and aster flowers,

And Winter, evergreen with ice and snows.

ZANESVILLE, OHIO.

SOFTLY SING WITH ME TO-NIGHT.

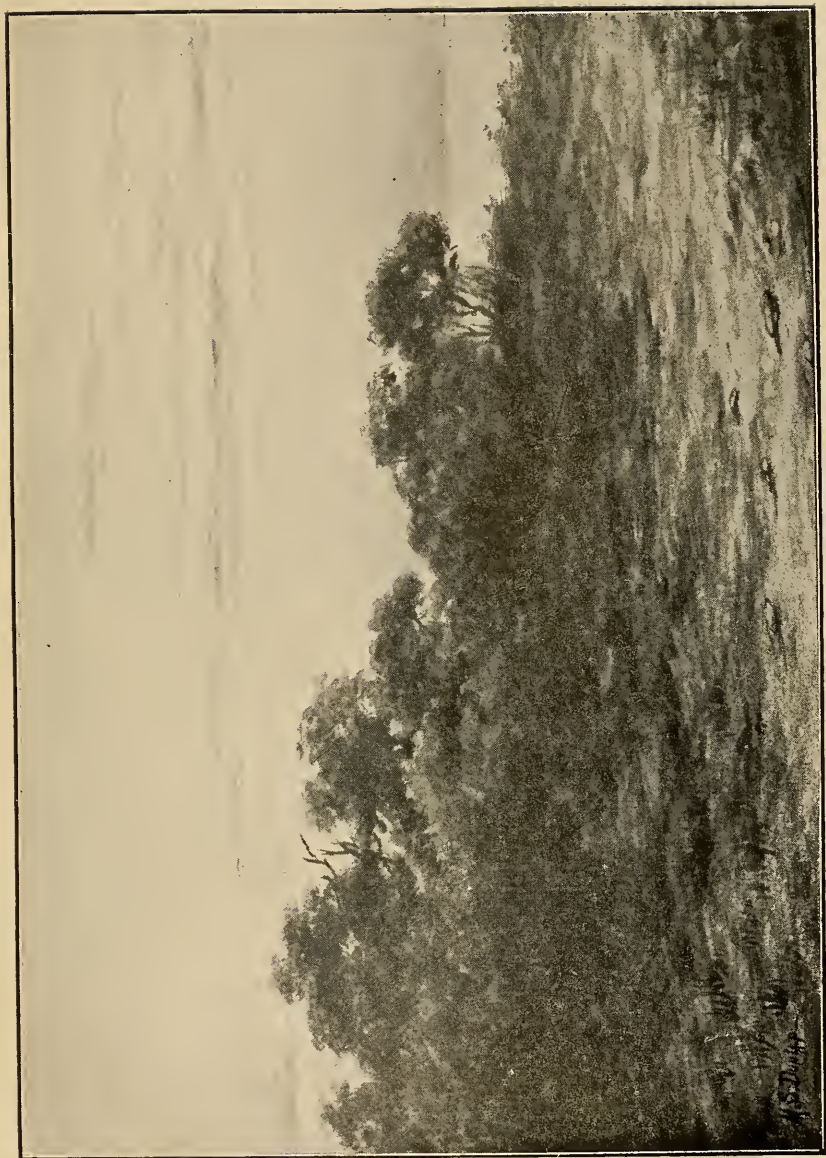
SOFTLY sing with me to-night,
In the shaded mellow light,
Magic be the notes that flow
As we sing of "long ago"—

Evening in the golden west
Speaks to us of peaceful rest
In the distant unseen land
Whither we go hand in hand.

Touch thy harp with gentle care,
We will sing a plaintive air,
Loving ones though far away,
Think of us at close of day.

Winds that stir the evergreen,
Wander back where we have been,
Bear our answering words of truth
To the friends of early youth.

Ever may this quiet hour
Have o'er us a holy power.
When the day of life grows dim
And we sing our farewell hymn,



EVENING IN THE GOLDEN WEST.
(Sunset, Long Island Sound.)

May one joy of memory be
These sweet moments passed with thee.
Seal our friendship with a song,
Years may pass, but love is long.

CLAVINE COTTAGE, MUSKINGUM Co., OHIO.

THE LAST OF THE GREYS.

NOT in a ruined abby
 With ivy over the wall,
 Not on a marble pavement
 Under a velvet pall.

Not in a grand procession
 With music timing the tread,
 Not at the usual hour
 That people bury the dead.

Not where the sculptor's chisel
 Had carved in low relief
 Emblems of mourning and sorrow
 Commemorative of grief.

But by an ashen hillock,
 While hands were silently pressed,
 Conveying more of meaning
 Than could by words be expressed.

Quietly, then, at midnight,
 By lamplight, there in the house
 Dignified gentlemen ended
 The funeral of a *mouse*.

CLAVINE COTTAGE.



HADRIAN'S VILLA.
(Tivoli, Italy.)

LETTER TO MISS M——.

THE “sassy” girls have gone to Rome—
I’m glad they’re all away from home.

I have a party every day
And bread and tea to give away.

It’s nicer far to rest and read
Than roam the streets with gipsy greed

And stare at all the stones in town
’Till Coliseum walls fall down.

PARIS, FRANCE.

THE BOY ON THE BEACH.

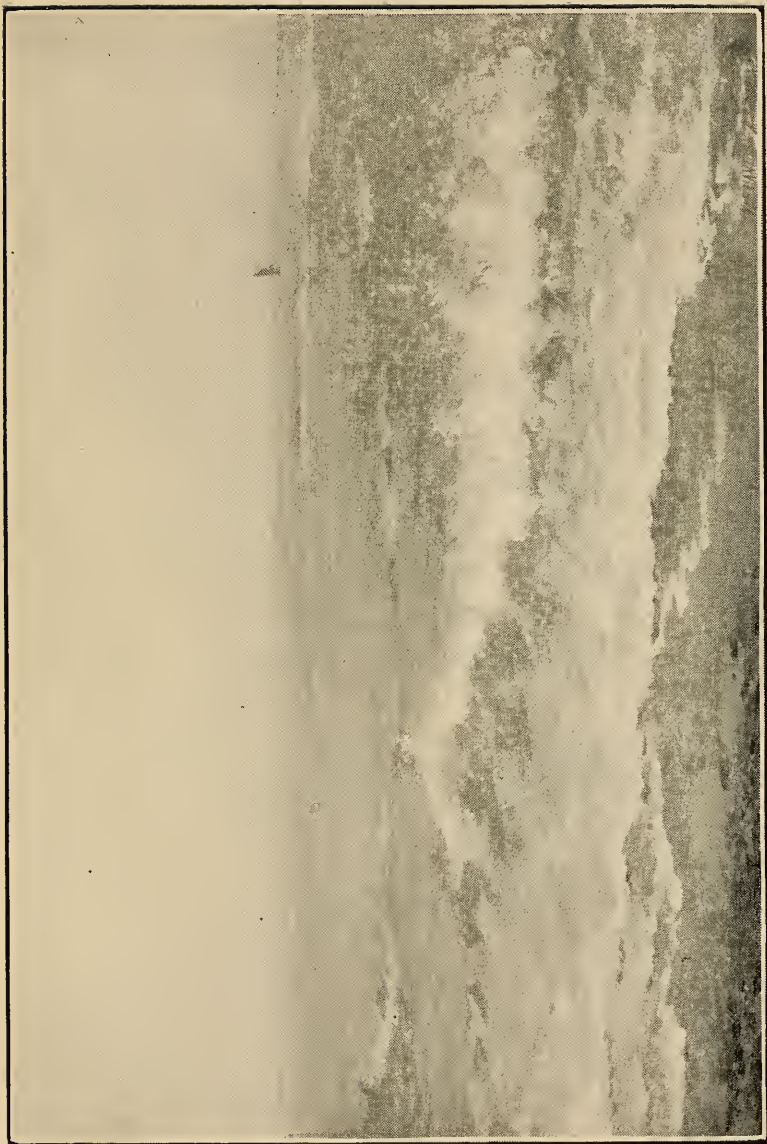
HE is afraid to ford the pond—
The pond the high tide made just now,
He plants his pink feet in the sand
And with his fat hand shades his brow.

He'd like to be a bigger boy
And run to meet the waves
And execute the daring feats
Performed by older braves.

The uncomplaining little soul
Has learned the patience lesson young,
And just now does as fine a thing
As heroes great by poets sung.

It's hard to wait so every day,
From breakfast time to good-night kiss,
And go without a lot of things
That older folks don't miss.

OCEAN GROVE, N. J.



HIGH-TIDE.
(Beuseval, Houlgate.)

LEAFLETS.

DEAR Saviour, let thy favor fall upon the
leaflets

Thou hast given me opportunity to scat-
ter here and there,
And ever let thy multiplying power go with
them,
This I would offer unto thee as a perpetual
prayer.

If into thoughtless hands the words of truth
have fallen,
Or have been laid away in drawers or shelves,
with too much care,
Beyond the eyes that might have accidentally
read them—
Mistakes of rude or careful hand, thy planning
can repair.

In years to come the printed lines can still be
speaking
When pleading voice and earnest words have
ceased their mission here,
For knowledge of thy love can heal the broken-
hearted
And bless the soul, through willing eye, as well
as willing ear.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

DARNING.

SHE darns stockings every day,
 The boys are hard on them at play.
 The lamplight is a trying thing,
 But she finds voice to darn and sing.

The boys are strong and growing fast,
 The socks are cheap and cannot last.
 She makes the best of everything,
 And so finds heart to darn and sing.

She wears a costly wedding ring,
 But as she darns she cannot sing.
 Her husband is her lover still,
 But time has brought increasing ill,

And willing hands that are not skilled
 With weary work are more than filled.
 She fears what coming years may bring,
 And when she darns forgets to sing.

She darned stockings long ago
 With hands that now are thin and slow.
 In sweet expectancy she sings
 With faith and joy of Heavenly things.

She has survived the young and strong
To whom she taught the sacred song.
Reunion is her daily theme,
Reality will end the dream.

NEW YORK CITY.

THE BEST OF LIFE AHEAD.

WHEN ANY pleasant sweet surprises,
Meet the Christian on his way.
Clouds that fill the sky at sunrise,
Vanish in the later day.

Sometimes, on a way uncertain,
When the only guide is "Trust,"
Lo, the parting of time's curtain,
Shows our portion more than just.

Benefits we have not asked for,
Honors that we have not craved,
Dangers that we feared and dreaded,
Are not met, need not be braved.

With increasing joy, the Christian
Realizes he *is led*.
What should be allowed to sadden
With the "best of life ahead?"

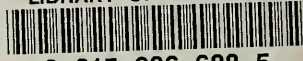
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

APR 27 1906





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 906 688 5

